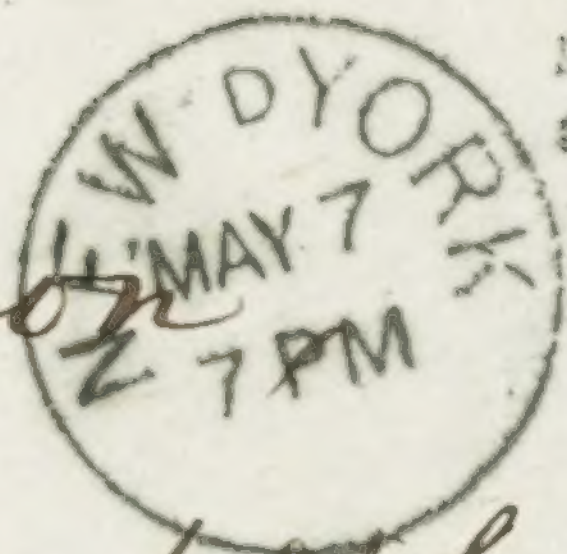


Frank J. Garrison
(Care of Houghton, Osgood & Co.,)
Boston,
Mass.



Ms. A. 1.1 v. 9, p. 44A

18
To Helen want uncle Frank to send
the last number of the Liberator that was
ever printed, that she may hand it down
to her great-great-grandchildren.
Helen Thanks for a copy of Saturday's Free-

New York, May 19, 1878.

My Dear Frank:

Letters were received from you and William on Monday; yours enclosing a letter from our estimable friend Joseph Supton, of Leeds, announcing the death of Mrs. Thompson — an event which I have been expecting for several months, and ⁱⁿ view of which there is certainly no cause for sorrow. Confined to her bed for more than a year by an incurable malady, and wasting away to the last degree of emaciation, her sufferings in the aggregate must have been great; but she was possessed of rare patience and fortitude, and no doubt met her final change with serenity and thankfulness.

As for poor dear Thompson, bowed down with physical infirmities, almost deprived of the power of articulation, and rendered more solitary than ever by this bereavement, my heart is overflowing with the tenderest sympathy. His is a case entitled to the deepest commiseration. He is quite likely to follow his wife very speedily. How I wish we were in Leeds at this time to extend to him what consolation and comfort we could by our personal presence! Of course, I shall write a letter of condolence to him without delay; and I am sure a similar one from you would be very gratefully received.

An easterly rain-storm prevailed here nearly all day on Sunday. It cleared up sufficiently before sunset, however, to enable Harry and ^{me} I to go to the Central

Park, from which, after a pleasant ramble,
we went by previous arrangement to our
friends James S. Gibbons and wife, in 44th
Street, to take a seven o'clock dinner, which
was beautifully served and appetizingly en-
joyed. Helen and Harold had preceded us,
Harry first taking them to the Park in a
cab; he, however, dining at the next door
with General Fry and half a dozen other
Generals. We enjoyed our visit highly.

Yesterday forenoon Fanny and I
met Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, by appointment,
at the Wall Street ferry on the Brooklyn
~~side~~^{side}, and were driven by them through
Prospect Park and Greenwood Cemetery
(passing by the newly made grave of the
swindler Tweed), the day being one of
the perfect ones of the year, and the drive
one of the most delightful imaginables.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Parsons (if the weather be fair) will give Fanny and ^{me} a drive to Coney Island, through a broad avenue five miles long! We shall lunch with them, as we did with the Jamesons. To-morrow I think of going down to Staten Island, to spend a few hours with the Shaws. Saturday I have arranged to go to Orange, to pass Sunday with Wendell, Mrs. McKim, and the children. I am not yet quite decided whether to go to Philadelphia next week.

Yesterday afternoon Oswald, who had been ailing for a day or two, broke out all over with scarletina, though in a mild form, there being very little fever; but it must run its course, and comes very inopportunistically, and will prevent Helen and Harold attending school for the remainder of their term.

Love to all. Your loving Father.